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MORE SONGS OF ANGUS

COUNTRY
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LIFE

MORE SONGS OF ANGUS

AND OTHERS

BY

VIOLET JACOB

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICES OF "COUNTRY LIFE," 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.2, AND BY GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., 8–11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.2.
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TO

A. H. J.

PAST life, past tears, far past the grave,
The tryst is set for me,
Since, for our all, your all you gave
On the slopes of Picardy.

On Angus, in the autumn nights,
The ice-green light shall lie,
Beyond the trees the Northern Lights
Slant on the belts of sky.

But miles on miles from Scottish soil
You sleep, past war and scaith,
Your country's freedman, loosed from toil,
In honour and in faith.

For Angus held you in her spell,
Her Grampians, faint and blue,
Her ways, the speech you knew so well,
Were half the world to you.

Yet rest, my son; our souls are those
Nor time nor death can part,
And lie you proudly, folded close
To France's deathless heart.

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IN SCOTS

JOCK, TO THE FIRST ARMY

O Rab an' Dave an' rantin' Jim,
The geans were turnin' reid
When Scotland saw yer line grow dim,
Wi' the pipers at its heid ;
Noo, i' yon warld we dinna ken,
Like strangers ye maun gang—
" *We've sic a wale*[1] *o' Angus men*
That we canna weary lang."

An' little Wat—my brither Wat—
Man, are ye aye the same ?
Or is yon sma' white hoose forgot
Doon by the strath at hame ?
An' div' ye mind foo aft we trod
The Isla's banks before ?—
—" *My place is wi' the Hosts o' God,*
But I mind me o' Strathmore."

It's deith comes skirling through the sky,
Below there's naucht but pain,
We canna see whaur deid men lie
For the drivin' o' the rain ;

[1] Choice.

Ye a' hae passed frae fear an' doot,
Ye're far frae airthly ill—
—" *We're near, we're here, my wee recruit,*
An' we fecht for Scotland still."

THE TWA WEELUMS

I'm Sairgeant Weelum Henderson frae Pairth,
That's wha I am!
There's jist ae bluidy regiment on airth
That's worth a damn;
An' gin the bonniest fechter o' the lot
Ye seek to see,
Him that's the best—*whaur ilka man's a Scot*—
Speir you at me!

Gin there's a hash o' Gairmans pitten oot
By aichts an' tens,
That Wully Henderson's been thereaboot
A'body kens.
Fegs-aye! Yon Weelum that's in Gairmanie,
He hadna reckoned
Wi' Sairgeant Weelum Henderson, an' wi'
The Forty-Second!

Yon day we lichtit on the shores o' France,
The lassies standin'
Trod ilk on ither's taes to get the chance
To see us landin';

The besoms ! O they smiled to me—an' yet
They couldna' help it,
(Mysel', I just was thinkin' foo we'd get
The Gairmans skelpit.)

I'm wearied wi' them, for it's aye the same
Whaure'er we gang,
Oor Captain thinks we've got his een to blame,
But, man ! he's wrang ;
I winna say he's no as smairt a lad
As ye micht see
Atween twa Sawbiths—aye, he's no sae bad,
But he's no me !

Weel, let the limmers bide ; their bonnie lips
Are fine an' reid ;
But me an' Weelum's got to get to grips
Afore we're deid ;
An' gin he thinks he hasn't met his match
He'll sune be wiser.
Here's to mysel'! Here's to the auld Black Watch!
An' damn the Kaiser !

THE FIELD BY THE LIRK O' THE HILL

Daytime an' nicht,
  Sun, wind an' rain;
The lang, cauld licht
  O' the spring months again.
The yaird's a' weed,
  An' the fairm's a' still—
Wha'll sow the seed
I' the field by the lirk o' the hill?

Prood maun ye lie,
  Prood did ye gang;
Auld, auld am I,
  But O! life's lang!
Ghaists i' the air,
  Whaups cryin' shrill,
An' you nae mair
I' the field by the lirk o' the hill—
  Aye, bairn, nae mair, nae mair,
I' the field by the lirk o' the hill!

MONTROSE

Gin I should fa',
Lord, by ony chance,
And they howms o' France
Haud me for guid an' a';
And gin I gang to Thee,
Lord, dinna blame,
But oh! tak' tent, tak' tent o' an Angus lad like me
An' let me hame!

I winna seek to bide
Awa owre lang,
Gin but Ye'll let me gang
Back to yon rowin' tide
Whaur aye Montrose—my ain—
Sits like a queen,
The Esk ae side, ae side the sea whaur she's set her lane
On the bents between.

I'll hear the bar
Loupin' in its place,
An' see the steeple's face
Dim i' the creepin' haar;[1]

[1] Sea-fog.

And the toon-clock's sang
Will cry through the weit,
And the coal-bells ring, aye ring, on the cairts as they gang
I' the drookit street.

Heaven's hosts are glad,
Heaven's hames are bricht,
And in yon streets o' licht
Walks mony an Angus lad;
But my he'rt's aye back
Whaur my ain toon stands,
And the steeple's shade is laid when the tide's at the slack
On the lang sands.

THE ROAD TO MARYKIRK

To Marykirk ye'll set ye forth,
An' whustle as ye step alang,
An' aye the Grampians i' the North
Are glow'rin' on ye as ye gang.
By Martin's Den, through beech an' birk,
A breith comes soughin', sweet an' strang,
Alang the road to Marykirk.

Frae mony a field ye'll hear the cry
O' teuchits,[1] skirlin' on the wing,
Noo East, noo West, amang the kye,
And smell o' whins the wind 'll bring;
Aye, lad, it blaws a thocht to mock
The licht o' day on ilka thing—
For you, that went yon road last spring,
Are lying deid in Flanders, Jock.

[1] Lapwings.

KIRSTY'S OPINION

FINE div I ken what ails yon puddock, Janet,
That aince would hae her neb set up sae hie;
There's them that disna' seem to understan' it,
I'se warrant ye it's plain eneuch to me!

Maybe ye'll mind her man—a fine wee cratur,
Owre blate to speak (puir thing, he didna' daur);
What gar'd him fecht was jist his douce-like natur';
Gairmans is bad, but Janet's tongue was waur.

But noo he's hame again, ye wadna ken her,
He isna' feared to contradic' her flat;
He smokes a' day, comes late to get his denner,
(I mind the time she'd sort him weel for that!)

What's gar'd her turn an' tak' a road divairgint?
Ye think she's wae [1] because he wants a limb?
Ach! haud yer tongue, ye fule—*the man's a sairgint*,
An' there's nae argy-bargyin' wi' *him*!

[1] Sad.

THE BRIG

I WHILES gang to the brig-side
That's past the briar tree,
Alang the road when the licht is wide
Owre Angus an' the sea.

In by the dyke yon briar grows
Wi' leaf an' thorn, it's lane
Whaur the spunk o' flame o' the briar rose
Burns saft agin the stane.

An' whiles a step treids on by me,
I mauna hear its fa';
And atween the brig an' the briar tree
Ther gangs na' ane, but twa.

Oot owre yon sea, through dule an' strife,
Ye tak' yer road nae mair,
For ye've crossed the brig to the fields o' life,
An' ye walk for iver there.

I traivel on to the brig-side,
Whaur ilka road maun cease,
My weary war may be lang to bide,
An' you hae won to peace.

There's ne'er a nicht but turns to day,
Nor a load that's niver cast;
An' there's nae wind cries on the winter brae,
But it spends itsel' at last.

O you that niver failed me yet,
Gin aince my step ye hear,
Come to yon brig atween us set,
An' bide till I win near!

O weel, aye, weel, ye'll ken my treid,
Ye'll seek nae word nor sign,
An' I'll no can fail at the Brig o' Dreid,
For yer hand will be in mine.

THE KIRK BESIDE THE SANDS

It was faur-ye-weel, my dear, that the gulls were cryin'
At the kirk beside the sands,
Whaur the saumon-nets lay oot on the bents for dryin',
Wi' the tar upon their strands;

A roofless kirk i' the bield o' the cliff-fit bidin',
And the deid laid near the wa';
A wheen auld coupit stanes i' the sea-grass hidin',
Wi' the sea-sound ower them a'.

But it's mair nor deith that's here on the haughs o' Flanders,
And the deid lie closer in;
It's no the gull, but the hoodit craw that wanders
When the lang, lang nichts begin.

It's ill to dee, but there's waur things yet nor deein';
And the warst o' a's disgrace;
For there's nae grave deep eneuch 'mang the graves in bein'
To cover a coward's face.

Syne, a' is weel, though my banes lie here for iver,
An' hame is no for me,
Till the reid tide brak's like the spate in a roarin' river
O'er the micht o' Gairmanie.

Sae gang you back, my dear, whaur the gulls are cryin',
Gie thanks by kirk an' grave,
That yer man keeps faith wi' the land whaur his he'rt is lyin',
An' the Lord will keep the lave.

GLORY

I CANNA' see ye, lad, I canna' see ye,
For a' yon glory that's aboot yer heid,
Yon licht that haps ye, an' the hosts that's wi' ye,
Aye, but ye live, an' it's mysel' that's deid !

They gae'd frae mill and mart ; frae wind-blawn places,
And grey toon-closes ; i' the empty street
Nae mair the bairns ken their steps, their faces,
Nor stand to listen to the trampin' feet.

Beside the brae, and soughin' through the rashes,
Yer voice comes back to me at ilka turn,
Amang the whins, an' whaur the water washes
The arn-tree[1] wi' its feet amangst the burn.

Whiles ye come back to me when day is fleein',
And a' the road oot-by is dim wi' nicht,
But weary een like mine is no for seein',
An', gin they saw, they wad be blind wi' licht.

Deith canna' kill. The mools o' France lie o'er ye,
An' yet ye live, O sodger o' the Lord !

[1] Alder.

For Him that focht wi' deith an' dule afore ye,
He gie'd the life—'twas Him that gie'd the sword.

But gin ye see my face or gin ye hear me,
I daurna' ask, I maunna' seek to ken,
Though I should dee, wi' sic a glory near me,
By nicht or day, come ben, my bairn, come ben!

THE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

ABUNE the hill ae muckle star is burnin',
Sae saft an' still, my dear, sae far awa,
There's ne'er a wind, noo day to nicht is turnin',
To lift the branches of the whisperin' shaw;
Aye, Jess, there's nane to see,
There's just the sheep an' me,
And ane's fair wastit when there micht be twa!

Alang the knowes there's no a beast that's movin',
They sheep o' mine lie sleepin' i' the dew;
There's jist ae thing that's wearyin' an' rovin',
An' that's mysel', that wearies, wantin' you.
What ails ye, that ye bide
In-by—an' me ootside
To curse an' daunder a' the gloamin' through?

To haud my tongue an' aye hae patience wi' ye
Is waur nor what a lass like you can guess;
For a' yer pranks I canna but forgi'e ye,
I'fegs! there's naucht can gar me lo'e ye less;
Heaven's i' yer een, an' whiles
There's heaven i' yer smiles,
But oh! ye tak' a deal o' courtin', Jess!

A CHANGE O' DEILS

"A change o' deils is lichtsome."—
Scots Proverb.

My Grannie spent a merry youth,
She niver wantit for a joe,
And gin she tell't me aye the truth,
Richt little was't she kent na o'.

An' whiles afore she gae'd awa'
To bed her doon below the grass,
Says she, "Guidmen I've kistit [1] twa,
But a change o' deils is lichtsome, lass!"

Sae dinna think to maister me,
For Scotland's fu' o' brawlike chiels,
And aiblins [2] ither folk ye'll see
Are fine an' pleased to change their deils.

Aye, set yer bonnet on yer heid,
An' cock it up upon yer bree,
O' a' yer tricks ye'll hae some need
Afore ye get the best o' me!

[1] Coffined. [2] Sometimes.

Sma' wark to fill yer place I'd hae,
I'll seek a sweethe'rt i' the toon,
Or cast my he'rt across the Spey
An' tak' some pridefu' Hieland loon.

I ken a man has hoose an' land,
His airm is stoot, his een are blue,
A ring o' gowd is on his hand,
An' he's a bonnier man nor you!

But hoose an' gear an' land an' mair,
He'd gie them a' to get the preen
That preened the flowers in till my hair
Beside the may-bush yestere'en.

Jist tak' you tent, an' mind forbye,
The braw guid sense my Grannie had,
My Grannie's dochter's bairn am I,
And a change o' deils is lichtsome, lad!

REJECTED

I'm fairly disjaskit, Christina,
The warld an' its glories are toom;
I'm laid like a stane whaur ye left me,
To greet wi' my heid i' the broom.

A' day has the lav'rock been singin'
Up yont, far awa' i' the blue,
I thocht that his sang was sae bonnie,
Bit it disna' seem bonnie the noo!

A' day has the cushie been courtin'
His joe i' the boughs o' the ash,
But gin Love was wheeped frae the pairish,
It isn't mysel' that wad fash!

For losh! what a wark I've had wi' ye!
At mairkit, at kirk, an' at fair,
I've ne'er let anither lad near ye—
An' what can a lassie need mair?

An' oh! but I've socht ye an' watched ye,
Whauriver yer fitsteps was set,
Gin ye had but yer neb i' the gairden
I was aye glourin' in at the yett!

Ye'll mind when ye sat at the windy,
  Dressed oot in yer fine Sawbath black,
Richt brawly I kent that ye saw me,
  But ye just slippit oot at the back.

Christina, 'twas shamefu'—aye was it!
  Affrontin' a man like mysel',
I'm thinkin' ye're daft, for what ails ye
  Is past comprehension to tell.

Guid stuff's no sae common, Christina,
  And whiles it's no easy to see;
Ye micht tryst wi' the Laird or the Provost,
  But ye'll no find the marrows[1] o' me!

[1] Match.

THE LAST O' THE TINKLER

LAY me in yon place, lad,
The gloamin's thick wi' nicht ;
I canna' see yer face, lad,
For my een's no richt,
But it's ower late for leein',
An' I ken fine I'm deein',
Like an auld craw fleein'
To the last o' the licht.

The kye gang to the byre, lad,
An' the sheep to the fauld,
Ye'll mak' a spunk o' fire, lad,
For my he'rt's turned cauld ;
An' whaur the trees are meetin',
There's a sound like waters beatin',
An' the bird seems near to greetin',
That was aye singin' bauld.

There's jist the tent to leave, lad,
I've gaithered little gear,
There's jist yersel' to grieve, lad,
An' the auld dog here ;

An' when the morn comes creepin',
An' the wauk'nin' birds are cheipin',
It'll find me lyin' sleepin'
  As I've slept saxty year.

Ye'll rise to meet the sun, lad,
  An' baith be traiv'lin west,
But me that's auld an' done, lad,
  I'll bide an' tak' my rest ;
For the grey heid is bendin',
An' the auld shune's needin' mendin',
But the traiv'lin's near its endin',
  And the end's aye the best.

IN ENGLISH

FRINGFORD BROOK

THE willows stand by Fringford brook,
From Fringford up to Hethe,
Sun on their cloudy silver heads,
And shadow underneath.

They ripple to the silent airs
That stir the lazy day,
Now whitened by their passing hands,
Now turned again to grey.

The slim marsh-thistle's purple plume
Droops tasselled on the stem,
The golden hawkweeds pierce like flame
The grass that harbours them;

Long drowning tresses of the weeds
Trail where the stream is slow,
The vapoured mauves of water-mint
Melt in the pools below;

Serenely soft September sheds
On earth her slumberous look,
The heartbreak of an anguished world
Throbs not by Fringford brook.

All peace is here. Beyond our range,
Yet 'neath the selfsame sky,
The boys that knew these fields of home
By Flemish willows lie.

They waded in the sun-shot flow,
They loitered in the shade,
Who trod the heavy road of death,
Jesting and unafraid.

Peace ! What of peace ? This glimpse of peace
Lies at the heart of pain,
For respite, ere the spirit's load
We stoop to lift again.

O load of grief, of faith, of wrath,
Of patient, quenchless will,
Till God shall ease us of your weight
We'll bear you higher still !

O ghosts that walk by Fringford brook,
'Tis more than peace you give,
For you, who knew so well to die,
Shall teach us how to live.

PRISON

In the prison-house of the dark
I lay with open eyes,
And pale beyond the pale windows
I saw the dawn rise.
From past the bounds of space
Where earthly vapours climb,
There stirred the voice I shall not hear
On this side Time.
There is one death for the body,
And one death for the heart,
And one prayer for the hope of the end,
When some links part.
Christ, from uncounted leagues,
Beyond the sun and moon,
Strike with the sword of Thine own pity—
Bring the dawn soon.

PRESAGE

THE year declines, and yet there is
  A clearness, as of hinted spring;
And chilly, like a virgin's kiss,
  The cold light touches everything.

The world seems dazed with purity,
  There hangs, this spell-bound afternoon,
Beyond the naked cherry tree
  The new-wrought sickle of the moon.

What is this thraldom, pale and still,
  That holds so passionless a sway?
Lies death in this ethereal chill,
  New life, or prelude of decay?

In the frail rapture of the sky
  There bodes, transfigured, far aloof,
The veil that hides eternity,
  With life for warp and death for woof.

We see the presage—not with eyes,
  But dimly, with the shrinking soul—

Scarce guessing, in this fateful guise,
The glory that enwraps the whole,

The light no flesh may apprehend,
Lent but to spirit-eyes, to give
Sign of that splendour of the end
That none may look upon and live.

THE BIRD IN THE VALLEY

Above the darkened house the night is spread,
The hidden valley holds
Vapour and dew and silence in its folds,
And waters sighing on the river-bed.
No wandering wind there is
To swing the star-wreaths of the clematis
Against the stone ;
Out of the hanging woods, above the shores,
One liquid voice of throbbing crystal pours,
Singing alone.

A stream of magic through the heart of night
Its unseen passage cleaves ;
Into the darkened room below the eaves
It falls from out the woods upon the height,
A strain of ecstasy
Wrought on the confines of eternity,
Glamour and pain,
And echoes gathered from a world of years,
Old phantoms, dim like mirage seen through tears,
But young again.

" Peace, peace," the bird sings on amid the woods,
" Peace, from the land that is the spirit's goal,—
The land that none may see but with his soul,—
Peace on the darkened house above the floods."
Pale constellations of the clematis,
Hark to that voice of his
That will not cease,
Swing low, droop low your spray,
Light with your white stars all the shadowed way
To peace, peace !

BACK TO THE LAND

Out in the upland places,
I see both dale and down,
And the ploughed earth with open scores
Turning the green to brown.

The bare bones of the country
Lie gaunt in winter days,
Grim fastnesses of rock and scaur,
Sure, while the year decays.

And, as the autumn withers,
And the winds strip the tree,
The companies of buried folk
Rise up and speak with me;—

From homesteads long forgotten,
From graves by church and yew,
They come to walk with noiseless tread
Upon the land they knew;—

Men who have tilled the pasture
The writhen thorn beside,
Women within grey vanished walls
Who bore and loved and died.

And when the great town closes
Upon me like a sea,
Daylong, above its weary din,
I hear them call to me.

Dead folk, the roofs are round me,
To bar out field and hill,
And yet I hear you on the wind
Calling and calling still;

And while, by street and pavement,
The day runs slowly through,
My soul, across these haunted downs,
Goes forth and walks with you.

THE SCARLET LILIES

I SEE her as though she were standing yet
In her tower at the end of the town,
When the hot sun mounts and when dusk comes down,
With her two hands laid on the parapet;
The curve of her throat as she turns this way,
The bend of her body—I see it all;
And the watching eyes that look day by day
O'er the flood that runs by the city wall.

The winds by the river would come and go
On the flame-red gown she was wont to wear,
And the scarlet lilies that crowned her hair,
And the scarlet lilies that grew below.
I used to lie like a wolf in his lair,
With a burning heart and a soul in thrall,
Gazing across in a fume of despair
O'er the flood that runs by the river wall.

I saw when he came with his tiger's eyes,
That held you still in the grip of their glance,
And the cat-smooth air he had learned in France,
The light on his sword from the evening skies;

When the heron stood at the water's edge,
And the sun went down in a crimson ball,
I crouched in a thicket of rush and sedge
By the flood that runs by the river wall.

He knew where the stone lay loose in its place,
And a foot might hold in the chink between,
The carven niche where the arms had been,
And the iron rings in the tower's face;
For the scarlet lilies lay broken round,
Snapped through at the place where his tread would fall,
As he slipped at dawn to the yielding ground,
Near the flood that runs by the river wall.

I gave the warning—I ambushed the band
In the alder-clump—he was one to ten—
Shall I fight for my soul as he fought then,
Lord God, in the grasp of the devil's hand?
As the cock crew up in the morning chill,
And the city waked to the watchman's call,
There were four left lying to sleep their fill
At the flood that runs by the city wall.

Had I owned this world to its farthest part,
I had bartered all to have had his share;
Yet he died that night in the city square,
With a scarlet lily above his heart.

And she ? Where the torrent goes by the slope,
There rose in the river a stifled call,
And two white hands strove with a knotted rope
In the flood that runs by the river wall.

Christ ! I had thought I should die like a man,
And that death, grim death, might himself be sweet,
When the red sod rocked to the horses' feet,
And the knights went down as they led the van ;—
But the end that waits like a trap for me,
Will come when I fight for my latest breath,
With a white face drowned between God and me
In the flood that runs by the banks of death.

FROSTBOUND

WHEN winter's pulse seems dead beneath the snow,
And has no throb to give,
Warm your cold heart at mine, beloved, and so
Shall your heart live.

For mine is fire—a furnace strong and red;
Look up into my eyes,
There shall you see a flame to make the dead
Take life and rise.

My eyes are brown, and yours are still and grey,
Still as the frostbound lake
Whose depths are sleeping in the icy sway,
And will not wake.

Soundless they are below the leaden sky,
Bound with that silent chain;
Yet chains may fall, and those that fettered lie
May live again.

Yes, turn away, grey eyes, you dare not face
In mine the flame of life;
When frost meets fire, 'tis but a little space
That ends the strife.

Then comes the hour, when, breaking from their bands,
The swirling floods run free,
And you, beloved, shall stretch your drowning hands,
And cling to me.

ARMED

Give me to-night to hide me in the shade,
That neither moon nor star
May see the secret place where I am laid,
Nor watch me from afar.

Let not the dark its prying ghosts employ
To peer on my retreat,
And see the fragments of my broken toy
Lie scattered at my feet.

I fashioned it, that idol of my own,
Of metal strange and bright;
I made my toy a god—I raised a throne
To honour my delight.

This haunted byway of the grove was lit
With lamps my hand had trimmed,
Before the altar in the midst of it
I kept their flame undimmed.

My steps turned ever to the hidden shrine;
Aware or unaware,
My soul dwelt only in that spot divine,
And now a wreck lies there.

Give me to-night to weep—when dawn is spread
Beyond the heavy trees,
And in the east the day is heralded
By cloud-wrought companies,

I shall have gathered up my heart's desire,
Broken, destroyed, adored,
And from its splinters, in a deathless fire,
I shall have forged a sword.

"THE HAPPY WARRIOR"

I HAVE brought no store from the field now the day is ended,
The harvest moon is up and I bear no sheaves;
When the toilers carry the fruits hanging gold and splendid,
I have but leaves.

When the saints pass by in the pride of their stainless raiment,
Their brave hearts high with the joy of the gifts they bring,
I have saved no whit from the sum of my daily payment
For offering.

Not there is my place where the workman his toil delivers,
I scarce can see the ground where the hero stands,
I must wait as the one poor fool in that host of givers,
With empty hands.

There was no time lent to me that my skill might fashion
Some work of praise, some glory, some thing of light,
For the swarms of hell came on in their power and passion,
I could but fight.

I am maimed and spent, I am broken and trodden under,
With wheel and horseman the battle has swept me o'er,
And the long, vain warfare has riven my heart asunder,
I can no more.

But my soul is still; though the sundering door has hidden
The mirth and glitter, the sound of the lighted feast,
Though the guests go in and I stand in the night, unbidden,
The worst, the least.

My soul is still. I have gotten nor fame nor treasure,
Let all men spurn me, let devils and angels frown,
But the scars I bear are a guerdon of royal measure,
My stars—my crown.

UNITY

I DREAMED that life and time and space were one,
And the pure trance of dawn ;
The increase drawn
From all the journeys of the travelling sun,
And the long mysteries of sound and sight,
The whispering rains,
And far, calm waters set in lonely plains,
And cry of birds at night.

I dreamed that these and love and death were one,
And all eternity,
The life to be
Therewith entwined, throughout the ages spun ;
And so with Grief, my playmate ; him I knew
One with the rest,—
One with the mounting day, the east and west—
Lord, is it true ?
Lord, do I dream ? Methinks a key unlocks
Some dungeon door, in thrall of blackened towers,
On ectasies, half hid, like chill white flowers
Blown in the secret places of the rocks.

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